

Good Morning 623

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

★
**Young David proudly
Shows a Picture of
"My Daddy"—It's
L.Tel. Harry Hatton**
★



WE didn't copy your habit of surprising your wife by arriving unexpectedly when we called at 14 Treadgar-road, Bow, E.3. Leading Telegraphist Harry Hatton. We let her know in plenty of time that we were coming.

If David keeps growing at his present rate you certainly won't recognise him on your next visit, though he will certainly know you.

He proudly showed us a photograph of "my Daddy," and he keeps asking when you're coming home.

We're sorry to have to let you down Harry, but we must record the fact that your wife said you were "not too good" on the piano.

Well, you don't get much chance to practice, and we expect you'll show her a thing or two when you get home. "Not too good" indeed!

We have a lot of greetings for you from Dolly, Laura and Winnie, from George and family from Charlie and Eddie and from all your family. Both Bill Carpenter and nephew Teddy have recovered and are out of hospital, and we were assured they would wish to be remembered to you.

So until you are able to get round to the old Odeon again, Harry, you'll know that there are plenty of people thinking about you.

For Them—a Real Joy For You—a Good Living

THIS, the fourth of my articles advising you how to open and run successful post-war businesses, is the shortest and simplest yet.

But you'll find that even the simplest-looking business has somewhere in it a bundle of tricks of the trade; those knacks and systems which it would normally take you a pretty long apprenticeship to find out for yourself.

And as "finding out" is a question of trial and error, it's a process that's difficult and possibly dangerous. Because, here's the paradox, the newcomer in business cannot afford to make mistakes; yet he cannot learn without making mistakes. And then, what?

And then—that's where Jack Trader comes in. I'm trying to solve that paradox for you by giving you the inside story—a story which normally you would have had to learn the hard way.

TO-DAY'S business is:

THE TOY TRADE.

First of all, let's look at the background of the trade as a whole.

Before the war a good sixty per cent. of all toys sold in this country came from abroad; Germany and Japan found our kids a good market. The Japs supplied the cheap lines; the Germans specialised in mechanical toys. Well, we can take it for granted that those two competitors are out of it for good.

To-day, the situation's like this:

Toys are scarce, badly made and extravagantly expensive. In other words, the market's wide open.

But—don't throw your hats in the air just yet—one word of warning. The market being "wide open" works both ways; if it is true that every child in this country is clamouring for decent toys, it is equally true that you—the newcomer to the trade—might have considerable difficulty in getting stocks. And what's the use of an empty shop, brother?

So my advice to you is: make sure you can get steady supplies and, until you're sure, don't open the business.

**We ALWAYS write
to you, if you
write first
to "Good Morning,"
c/o Press Division,
Admiralty, London, S.W.1**

However, here, as in most things, there's a bright side: toy manufacturers in this country are all set to step up production in a big way. You can bet that they recognise that the killing of their two biggest competitors—the Japs and the Jerries—has given them the opportunity of a lifetime. I am in touch with British toy manufacturers and if—after reading this article—you decide that selling toys would suit you, drop me a note and I'll get busy on your behalf. When I say that I'm here to help you boys of the Submarine Service, I mean just that and nothing else.

Okay. Let's get down to the practical side of running your business.

Here's trick-of-trade Number One:

JACK TRADER SHOWS YOU HOW TO RUN A TOY BUSINESS

You must concentrate on two age groups: the youngest (1-5) and the middle (8-11). Why?

For two reasons: (a) the profits on the kind of toys most popular among these age-groups is higher than on other kinds of toys, and (b) kids in these age-groups smash up toys quickly and tire of the same toys—which means more trade for you. Easy—once you know!

So, when you decide to open your business, do this:

Plan your stock lists. Say: six dozen soft play-balls, so many rattles, so many soft "cuddle" toys (Teddy Bears and so on). That takes in group one. Then, so many wooden carts, so many toy trains (wood), so many boats on wheels, and so on. That takes in group two.

For your other stocks—mechanical toys for the boy of fourteen; make-them-yourself kits; dolls with full sets of underwear and eyes-that-move and so on—order a little more than half the amount of toys you've marked for groups one and two.

In a general article like this, I can't name exact figures, because much depends on your capital and where you're opening up. It would be no use your buying, say, an electric train set unless you're setting up in a fairly well moneyed district. But, if you'll let me know what capital you can raise and what districts you have in mind, I'll give you personal advice.

Trick-of-the-trade Number Two:

Have a big window—as big as you can make it. Then pack it from top to bottom with toys, toys and more toys. If at most times of the day there's a couple of kids with their noses jammed to the window—then that's a good window. And vary your window display week by week; keep the kid's interest going! Because when the kind Uncle says: "What would you like for your birthday, Johnnie?" the answer must be: "Oh, the Red Indian outfit in that shop in the High-street"—YOUR shop. Got it?

Now, one of the big drawbacks of the toy trade is that it is sharply seasonal. That is, you have a tremendous rush at Christmas—and then things slacken down. You must build up a steady trade for all those months when there's no seasonal rush. How?

Trick-of-the-trade Number Three coming up:

In your local paper each week, you'll find a column of Births. And each week, you pick out these happy parents, and send them your congratulatory card. Nothing elaborate—just saying you congratulate them on the birth of their daughter So-and-so; with the heading of say, JACK TRADER FOR JOYFUL TOYS. That's all.

You must not try and sell them anything in that card. Be discreet. BUT—on index cards, mark up the name and address of the people to whom you sent the card and NOTE THE DATE OF THE BIRTHDAY. You'll find that about a third of those to whom you have posted a card will sooner or later come into your shop. People are lazy (Aren't we all) and they're not going to hunt around for a toy shop when yours is handy and known.

However, you don't let things drop there. File those cards under dates, and about a week before the kid's NEXT birthday you send a card along addressed to the child. Something like this: "Next Thursday you're ONE YEAR OLD. Congratulations from Jack Trader—the man for JOYFUL TOYS." And keep it up each birthday.

Here's Trick-of-the-trade Number Four:

In your shop (I'll discuss the layout of the shop later) have a nice-looking Visitors' Book. Something that'll please any child's heart just to look at. Have this book laid out in state near the rear of the shop. Okay. Whenever a child comes in, complete with grown-up,

after you've sold them a toy, you say "Now, you must come into my Distinguished Visitors' Club." And you lead them to the book.

Your patter then goes something like this: "What's your name, my dear?" Answer, "Jane, or Maud . . . or something." "And what's your other name?" "Jones." "How old are you?" "I'm five." "And is your birthday soon?" "To-morrow." (You're busy marking all this up in your book). "You live quite close to here, don't you?" (Mother will intervene, probably with the address.) You then get the kid to "sign" the book in the appropriate place, whereupon you announce solemnly that she is now a Distinguished Visitor—and you give her some small keepsake (say, a Jack Trader Distinguished Visitor badge and something for the doll).

You're doing two things by this "trick"; every child is keen to "belong" to something, a club, a society. If you keep it up your Jack Trader Distinguished Visitors' Club will soon be known. Secondly, you've got another name for your birthday cards. And be careful to get the age right. Nothing will annoy a child more than to receive a card congratulating him or her, on being six years old, when the real age is seven.

And remember that every child is the apple of some mother's eye. So, no matter what limbs of Satan some of your "Distinguished Visitors" may be—YOU keep smiling.

Here's a tip on selling to children: don't interfere or offer advice, unless you're asked for it, or unless the child is stricken dumb with shyness. Children resent interference.

And, register the face of the child in your memory, together with name. To be able to say, "Hello, Johnnie" means good-will, which means trade.

Furthermore, get in touch with your local Children's Clubs, Youth movements and so on. Children are your customers. Get to know them.

Here's another gentle tip: children, when they're excited are apt to say suddenly, "Mamma—ee-wees" (or whatever the code-word may happen to be in the family). Well, if the mother has to run around looking for somewhere the small son can do his business—it might mean a lost sale. So, see if you can't screen off some place.

Now, about the shop layout. Think of it in these terms: here's Alladin's Cave. So—bright colours, plenty of light, toys hanging from the ceiling. Around the walls have a tier of shelves: the lowest not more than two-and-a-half feet high. On this lowest shelf, place toys that are unbreakable. On the further shelves—out of reach of children, have your more expensive—and breakable toys.

Next—the question of the "rush season"—Christmas. Start getting ready for this at the latest by October. Multiply the best sales of any previous month by three—and that's the sort of stock you'll need.

And, if you'll take my tip you'll make your own Christmas stockings. It's easy. Just netting and novelties: if you

make them yourself and sell at usual prices, you'll find your profit is in the neighbourhood of 300 per cent. or more. And this is one case where you ought not to split your profits with the middleman.

Of course, if you can make some of your toys—it's the same story. Your profits will go up considerably. If you're a handyman, say with a fret-saw, you can turn out jig-saw puzzles which cost you about threepence and which will sell at eight-pence; or model plane-building sets which would cost you about sixpence and retail at two bob.

Another hint: two or three moulds, a little lead and paint—and you've got that great stand-by: toy soldiers.

Now about the office-side of the business: you MUST keep up-to-date accounts . . . this is absolutely essential. Don't work in the dark. You MUST know which lines are sellers and which drag. And—I'll keep repeating this in every article—if you haven't got up-to-date books, you'll get stung by the Income Tax people.

In each of these articles, apart from the straight inside information on the various businesses I add something that is basic to every good trading venture. Last week I talked about IDEAS. This week, I'm touching on SELF-ORGANISATION.

Without labouring the point, let me insist that every business needs INITIATIVE. That is, the ability to act without orders. And initiative can be developed.

Start like this: at the beginning of each day's work, note down what you have to do that day. Be thorough in your list. Then, add the question: What else can I do to further my business? And, think hard over this question. Is there nothing else you can do to-day? And organise your time so as to get in everything that you have jotted down as that day's "duties." Never leave any item undone.

After a time, this habit will become a second-nature to you. And you'll find it pays. It means you are learning to control and organise yourself.

If there's anything else you'd like to know about—or if I haven't as yet touched on the business you're most interested in—drop me a line. I guarantee to help you. The address is:

**JACK TRADER,
c/o GOOD MORNING.**

Your heir asked: "What about Pamela?" A.B. Wilfred Laver

SORRY we missed you when we called at 38, Eastbourne-road, East Ham E.6. A.B. Wilfred Laver. We'd have liked to hear what you think of the paper.

Anyway, Wilfred, we got a photograph of your family, which was what we wanted, so everyone is happy, although your three-year-old heir certainly wasn't so happy when he saw us taking a photograph of young Pamela.

"What are they going to do to Pamela?" he asked, which just shows that although you are away your son is looking after the family and the home for you.

Wilfred later got to trust us enough to want us to tell you to hurry home, and this message was heartily endorsed by your wife.



"Vivienne, I have got to have you!" "When do you want me?" the lovely girl asked . . . O. HENRY the master storyteller supplies a surprise ending to this ONE DAY TALE "GIRL"

ROBBINS, fifty, something of an overweight beau, and addicted to first nights and hotel palm-rooms, pretended to be envious of his partner's commuter's joys.

"Going to be something doing in the humidity line tonight," he said. "You out-of-town chaps will be the people, with your katydids and moonlight and long drinks and things out on the front porch."

Hartley, twenty-nine, serious, thin, good-looking, nervous, sighed and frowned a little.

"Yes," said he, "we always have cool nights in Floral-hurst, especially in the winter." A man with an air of mystery came in the door and went up to Hartley.

"I've found where she lives," he announced in the portentous half-whisper that makes the detective at work a marked being to his fellow men.

Hartley scowled him into a state of dramatic silence and quietude. But by that time Robbins had got his cane and set his tie-pin to his liking, and with a debonair nod went out to his metropolitan amusements.

"Here is the address," said the detective in a natural tone, being deprived of an audience to foil.

Hartley took the leaf torn out of the sleuth's dingy memorandum book. On it were pencilled the words, "Vivienne Arlington, No. 341 East—th Street, care of Mrs. McComus."

"Moved there a week ago," said the detective. "Now, if you want any shadowing done, Mr. Hartley, I can do you as fine a job in that line as anybody in the city. It will be only seven dollars a day and expenses. Can send in a daily typewritten report, covering—"

"You needn't go on," interrupted the broker. "It isn't a case of that kind. I merely wanted the address. How much shall I pay you?"

"One day's work," said the sleuth. "A tenner will cover it."

Hartley paid the man and dismissed him. Then he left the office and boarded a Broadway car. At the first large crosstown artery of travel he took an eastbound car that deposited him in a decaying avenue, whose ancient structures once sheltered the pride and glory of the town.

Walking a few squares, he came to the building that he sought.

Hartley pressed the "McComus" button. The door latch clicked spasmodically—now hospitably, now doubtfully, as though in anxiety whether it might be admitting friends or duns. Hartley entered and began to climb the stairs.

On the fourth floor he saw Vivienne standing in an open door.

She invited him inside, with a nod and a bright, genuine smile. She placed a chair for him near a window, and poised herself gracefully upon the edge of one of those Jekyll-and-Hyde pieces of furniture that are masked and mysteriously hooded, unguessable bulks by day and inquisitorial racks of torture by night.

Hartley cast a quick, critical, appreciative glance at her before speaking, and told himself that his taste in choosing had been flawless. "Vivienne," said Hartley,

looking at her pleadingly, "you did not answer my last letter. It was only by nearly a week's search that I found where you had moved to. Why have you kept me in suspense when you knew how anxiously I was waiting to see you and hear from you?"

The girl looked out the window dreamily. "Mr. Hartley," she said hesitatingly, "I hardly know what to say to you. I realise all the advantages of your offer, and sometimes I feel sure that I could be contented

with you. But, again, I am doubtful. I was born a city girl, and I am afraid to bind myself to a quiet suburban life."

"My dear girl," said Hartley ardently, "have I not told you that you shall have everything that your heart can desire that is in my power to give you?"

"You shall come to the city for theatres, for shopping, and to visit your friends as often as you care to. You can trust me, can you not?"

"To the fullest," she said, turning her frank eyes upon him with a smile. "I know you are the kindest of men, and that the girl you get will be a lucky one. I learned all about you when I was at the Montgomerys."

"Ah!" exclaimed Hartley,

with a tender reminiscent light in his eye; "I remember well the evening I first saw you at the Montgomerys. Mrs. Montgomery was sounding your praises to me all the evening. And she hardly did you justice. I shall never forget that supper. Come, Vivienne, promise me. I want you. You'll never regret coming with me. No one else will ever give you as pleasant a home."

The girl sighed and looked down at her folded hands. A sudden jealous suspicion seized Hartley.

"Tell me, Vivienne," he asked, regarding her keenly, "is there another—is there someone else?"

A rosy flush crept slowly over her fair cheeks and neck.

"You shouldn't ask that, Mr. Hartley," she said, in some confusion. "But I will tell you. There is one other—but he has no right—I have promised him nothing."

"His name?" demanded Hartley sternly.

"Townsend."

"Rafford Townsend!" exclaimed Hartley, with a grim tightening of his jaw. "How did that man come to know you? After all I've done for him—"

"His auto has just stopped below," said Vivienne, bending over the window-sill. "He's coming for his answer. Oh, I don't know what to do!"

The bell in the flat kitchen whirled. Vivienne hurried to press the latch button.

"Stay here," said Hartley.

"I will meet him in the hall." Townsend, looking like a Spanish grandee in his light tweeds, Panama hat and curling black moustache, came up the stairs three at a time. He

(Continued on Page 3)

QUIZ for today

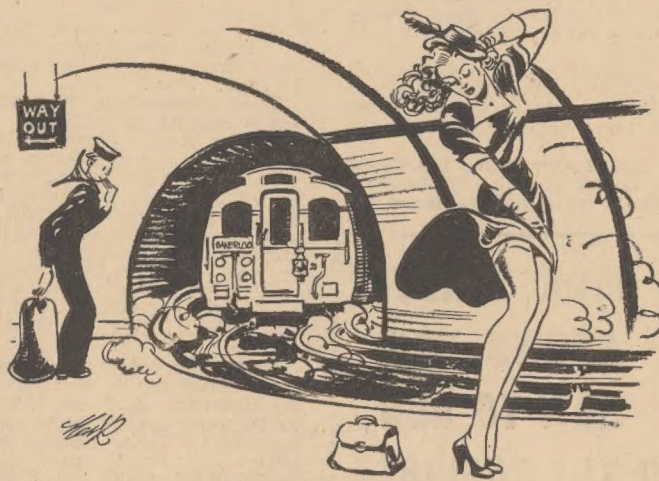
1. Gallium is a French coat, printer's proof - sheet, rare metal, tray of jewels?
2. How many separate parts are there in a violin?
3. What is the difference between (a) theetsee, and (b) tsetse?
4. What is the meaning of the names (a) Arthur, (b) Albert?

5. What is the other common name of the plant, Stinking Willie?
6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—Adagio, Allegro, Amoroso, Aleppo, Animato, Arioso.

Answers to Quiz in No. 622

1. Musical instrument.
2. Russian guitar; triangular.
3. (a) line of sight, (b) prayer.
4. (a) Bold as a bear; (b) loud-voiced.
5. Ground ivy.
6. Cream is not named after a fruit; others are.

FAMILIAR PHRASES—By JACK MONK



Stand by Tubes.

I get around

RON RICHARDS'

COLUMN



THERE was an "extra turn" at the Royal Cinema, Plymouth, the other evening.

Manager Tom Purdie was introducing Driver E. S. Roue, R.A.S.C., a repatriated Plymouthian, who was making an appeal for the Red Cross, when a shout came from the back of the stalls and a khaki-clad figure leaped towards the stage.

The interrupter was Corporal "Ned" Sparks, R.A.M.C., who had suddenly recognised in Driver Roue his old prison camp pal in Southern Italy two years before.

The Corporal was so excited that he fell into the orchestra pit, much to the amusement of the audience. Then he scrambled out to the stage and shook hands with his old comrade, amid general plaudits.

★

A MODERN Rip Van Winkle was discovered by a commercial-traveller in Cornwall recently. Near Polbathick he picked up a well-dressed old fellow, about 80, he guessed, and gave him a lift as far as Liskeard.

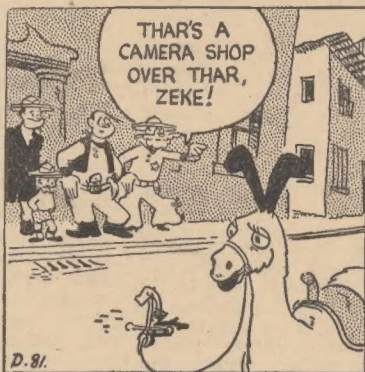
Here the old chap fished out a handful of money, and, holding out threepence, said benevolently, "Here you are, my lad, buy yourself a pint of beer."

When the surprised "commercial" retorted that a pint cost one-and-four nowadays, the old boy—who must have been tucked away out of the world for a few years—insisted that he should "get himself a packet of cigarettes."

★

A NORTHERN correspondent gives me a little item of news which will be welcome to you, A.B. Edward Duffield. At home in Marton Grove, Inglemire Lane, Hull, we saw your mother, and she asked us to tell you that your father is now a lot better in health. The oranges you sent had gone "off" by the time they reached home; still, there was compensation in the nuts, which all enjoyed.

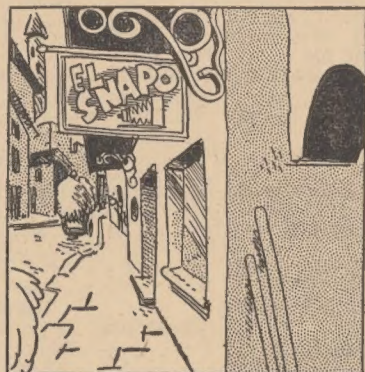
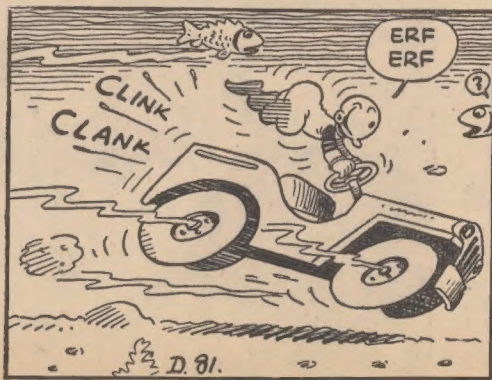
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



WANGLING WORDS—562

1. Behead an article of clothing and get a useful implement.
2. In the following proverb both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it?
Si lal dolo ton strelgis hatt.
3. What famous English portrait painter had NO for the exact middle of his name?
4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order:
That _____ me that beer was good for my chickens.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 561

1. P-ale.
2. "The dog it was that died."
3. GainsBORough.

JANE

"GIRL"

(Continued from Page 2)

stopped at sight of Hartley and looked foolish. "Go back," said Hartley firmly, pointing downstairs with his forefinger. "Hullo!" said Townsend, feigning surprise. "What's up? What are you doing here, old man?" "Go back," repeated Hartley inflexibly. "The Law of the Jungle. Do you want the Pack to tear you in pieces? The kill is mine." "I came here to see a plumber about the bathroom connections," said Townsend bravely. "All right," said Hartley. "You shall have that lying plaster to stick upon your traitorous soul. But go back." Townsend went downstairs, leaving a bitter word to be wafted up the draught of the staircase. Hartley went back to his wooing. "Vivienne," said he masterfully, "I have got to have you. I will take no more

refusals or dilly-dallying." "When do you want me?" she asked. "Now. As soon as you can get ready." She stood calmly before him and looked him in the eye. "Do you think for one moment," she said, "that I would enter your home while Héloïse is there?" Hartley cringed as if from an unexpected blow. He folded his arms and paced the carpet once or twice. "She shall go," he declared grimly. Drops stood upon his brow. "Why should I let that woman make my life miserable? Never have I seen one day of freedom from trouble since I have known her. You are right, Vivienne. Héloïse must be sent away before I can take you home. But she shall go. I have decided. I will turn her from my doors." "When will you do this?" asked the girl. Hartley clinched his teeth and bent his brows together.

"To-night," he said resolutely. "I will send her away to-night." "Then," said Vivienne, "my answer is Yes. Come for me when you will." She looked into his eyes with a sweet, sincere light in her own. Hartley could scarcely believe that her surrender was true, it was so swift and complete. "Promise me," he said feelingly, "on your word and honour." "On my word and honour," repeated Vivienne softly. At the door he turned and gazed at her happily, but yet as one who scarcely trusts the foundations of his joy. "To-morrow," he said, with a forefinger of reminder uplifted. "To-morrow," she repeated, with a smile of truth and candour. In an hour and forty minutes Hartley stepped off the train at Floralhurst. A brisk walk of ten minutes brought him to the gate of a handsome two-storey cottage set upon a wide and well-tended lawn. Half-way to the house he was met by a woman with jet-black braided hair and flowing white

summer gown, who half-strangled him without apparent cause. When they stepped into the hall she said: "Mamma's here. The auto is coming for her in half an hour. She came to dinner, but there's no dinner." "I've something to tell you," said Hartley. "I thought to break it to you gently, but since your mother is here we may as well out with it." He stooped and whispered something at her ear. His wife screamed. Her mother came running into the hall. The dark-haired woman screamed again—the joyful scream of a well-beloved and petted woman. "Oh, mamma!" she cried ecstatically, "what do you think? Vivienne is coming to

cook for us! She is the one that stayed with the Montgomeries a whole year. "And now, Billy, dear," she concluded, "you must go right down into the kitchen and discharge Héloïse. She has been drunk again the whole day long." THE END

ALEX CRACKS

Tough! Why, he was wrecked on the desert island with a cargo of tinned food and no can opener. Now he says tomatoes have no flavour unless he eats the tin with them. * * * Wife: "You never looked at me like that." Bored Hubby: "You never looked like that."

CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS. 1 Knotty point. 4 Hurry. 9 Bird. 10 Merit. 12 Boy's name. 14 Cose. 15 Silk stuff. 16 Coin. 17 Former. 18 Mean. 21 Beak. 23 Letter. 24 Consume. 26 Struck out. 29 Mutual. 31 Triumphed. 32 British Isle. 34 Brawl. 36 Governing body. 37 Rummaged. 39 Pearl. 40 Under. 41 Short county.

CLUES DOWN. 1 Eleet. 2 Abated. 3 Single group. 4 The girl. 5 Because. 6 Foreign gentleman. 7 Girl singer. 8 Girl's name. 10 Inhabitant. 11 Unit of work. 13 Energy. 16 Covered with drops. 19 Formal. 20 Went sailing. 22 Fore! 25 Tribal emblems. 27 Leal. 28 Row. 30 Away. 33 Challenge. 35 Plunder. 36 Stitch. 38 Proceed.



RUGGLES

YOU'RE LATE, JOHN! YES-BEEN VERY BUSY!

A LOT OF IMPORTANT WORK TO DO, I EXPECT?... YES-VERY IMPORTANT!

JOHN RUGGLES!-SOMETIMES YOU'RE THE MOST IRRITATING PERSON ON EARTH-IF YOU DON'T SPILL THE BEANS ABOUT THAT EXALTED PERSON AT P.O. BOX 710 I'LL CROWN YOU WITH THIS PAN!

OH, THAT!-WE WERE TAKEN TO SEE HIS SECRETARY...AND THE PLAN WAS THAT THE TWO MORGANATIC WIVES SHOULD BE MARRIED OFF TO CAPTAINS OF THE GUARD, AND FOR HER HIGHNESS TO KEEP HER GENERAL IF HE'S ALLOWED TO KEEP HIS MILLINER!

GARTH

ALAS!-I HAVE ALREADY IMPOVERISHED OUR ESTATES WITH LOANS TO HIS MAJESTY!

BUT I CAN AT LEAST SEND MY ONLY SON TO FIGHT FOR HIM!

I WILL RIDE TO OXFORD, FATHER-'T WAS EVER A ROYALIST STRONGHOLD

WELL SPOKEN, MY SON! HERE'S A HEALTH UNTO HIS MAJESTY-AND MIGHT TO YOUR RIGHT ARM!

JUST JAKE

Suddenly I awoke to the frightful fact that Eric's rod had gone!-He was a sound sleeper...

HI! BACON EARS!

I stirred him with difficulty and a handy bit of railing-

YOUR BALLY ROD'S BUNKED!

THUMP!

-we saw something wallowing round a bend in the river-nothing more...

COR! THERE IT GOES-THE PERISHER!

FISHERMEN! BLAST 'EM! CAN'T EVEN TAKE A NIPPY DIP IN THE NIFFY WITHOUT GETTIN' TACKLE AND A HOOK IN MY HUNKERS!!

Tales of Taverns

Where Highwaymen Ruled the Roost

TERROR of the high-roads between London, Kingston and Wimbledon in the late eighteenth century was a famous thug named Jeremiah Abershaw. His favourite haunt was Putney Bottom, where, from the woody thickets which fringed the Portsmouth Road, he used to spring out on his unsuspecting prey. As headquarters he used the "Bald Faced Stag," near Kingston.

There was another inn of this name just outside London, which was demolished in the year before the war. In the bricked-up fireplace workmen found three old blunderbusses, which were thought to belong to Dick Turpin, who often used the inn.

Like Hampstead Heath, the heath at Hounslow was also the haunt of highwaymen in the boyhood days of the grandfathers of some of us. They were continually pouncing on the Bristol Mail, the famous stage coach which had to cross the long, lonely heath after leaving London. Favourite resorts of these desperate gentry of the road hereabouts were the "Red Lion Inn" and the "Green Man" at Hatton, where they ruled in the way that gangsters do.

Hawkins, son of a Staines farmer, used to serve in the tap-room of the "Red Lion," but, soon tiring of this occupation, he formed with Sympton a gang who specialised in mail-coach hold-ups, and for many years the pair of them plied a lucrative trade on the Heath.

Members of what was now a pretty sizeable gang were constantly caught, but the remnants, nothing daunted, easily gathered fresh converts, who vied keenly with their teachers for the rich spoils to be had from the coaches.

The "Bowl Inn," Holborn, too, knew scores of these gangsters of old. Swift, writing of notorious Tom Clinch on his way to the gallows at Tyburn (Marble Arch), tells how Clinch came to the end:

"Stopt at the Bowl for a bottle of sack, And promised to pay for it when he came back."

M. T.

Heard This Before?

Wife: "Sorry I'm late home; I've been talking to Mrs. Green for the last three hours."

Husband: "M-m. Expect you were talking about something darned silly."

Wife: "Yes, dear. It was about you."

Good Morning



THIS ENGLAND. Believe it or not, this is a "Portal House." But it's not the kind you were going to live in (that is, before they decided that they wouldn't build "Portals" after all). It's a cottage on Lord Portal's estate at Freefolk, a model village in a lovely setting by the quiet waters of the River Test in Hampshire.

BEAUTIFUL—BUT NOT DUMB! Rosemary La Planche was chosen "Miss America" at an Atlantic City beauty contest in 1941. And that, by rights, should have been the end of the story. But not for Rosemary. Beneath that copper cloud is a set of brains that tick over very nicely, thank you. And they've been ticking to such good purpose that Rosemary's already made eight rattling good pictures for RKO Radio.



"Madonna-like beauty" was our cameraman's description of this Mexican maid. Which isn't bad for him! He must have drifted into a picture gallery in mistake for "the pictures" at some time or other.

JACK (BUCK RYAN) MONK STOOGES FOR SYD DE HEMPSEY—THE WIZARD OF THE PACK



Four aces are placed upon the table—the ace of spades is then placed in the empty glass and three ordinary cards are placed behind the ace of spades.



Jack Monk is next asked to count a few cards on to each of the three aces that are on the table. (He can just about manage this arduous task)



Syd next takes a few cards from Mr. Monk, which he places down upon the table.



Presto! Upon looking through the cards on the table, the aces have disappeared. Lifting up the glass, Mr. de Hempsey extracts the four aces. After that two pints are made to disappear very rapidly!

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Monk's favourite card trick is 'Find the Lady'."

